And preſently.
Wooer. She would have me ſing.
Doctor. You did ſo?
Wooer. No.
Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.
Wooer. Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyſe,
If ſhe intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if ſhe aske you.
Iaylor. Hoa there *Doctor.*
Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.
Iaylor But firſt by your leave
I'th way of honeſtie.
Doctor. That's but a nicenesſe,
Nev'r caſt your child away for honeſtie;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhee will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.
Iaylor. Thanke yee *Doctor.*
Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's ſee how ſhee is.
Iaylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* ſtaies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong ſtill. *Exit Iaylor.*
Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honeſty?
And we ſhould give her phyſicke till we finde that:
Wooer. Why, doe you thinke ſhe is not honeſt Sir?
Doctor. How old is ſhe?
Wooer. She's eighteene.
Doctor. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpoſe.
What ere her Father ſaies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I ſpoke of
Videlicet, the *way of fleſh*, you have me.
Wooer. Yet very well Sir.
Doctor. Pleaſe her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipſo facto,*

The

The mellencholly humour that
Wooer. I am of your minde
Ent
Docter. You'l finde it ſo;
Iaylor. Come, your Love
And has done this long houre,
Daughter. I thanke him for
He's a kind Gentleman, and I
Did you nev'r ſee the horſe he
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. How doe you like
Iaylor. He's a very faire o
Daugh. You never ſaw h
Iaylor. No.
Daugh. I have often.
He daunces very finely, very c
And for a Iigge, come cut and
He turnes ye like a Top.
Iaylor. That's fine indeede.
Daugh. Hee'l dance the M
And that will founder the beſt
(If I have any skill) in all the pa
And gallops to the turne of *L*
What thinke you of this horſ
Iaylor. Having theſe vertue
I thinke he might be broght t
Daugh. Alas that's nothing
Iaylor. Can he write and r
Daugh. A very faire hand,
Of all his hay and provender
Muſt riſe betime that cozens h
The Cheſtnut Mare the Duke
Iaylor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in
But he is like his maſter coy a
Iaylor. What dowry has ſh
Daugh. Some two hundr
And twenty ſtrike of Oates

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